

# GO TO WILLARD, NEW MEX.

## The Live Commercial City of the Estancia Valley.

**THE CITY OF WILLARD** destined to be the COUNTY SEAT of Torrance County New Mexico. Was laid out in the fall of 1905. It is now a thriving city of nearly 1000 inhabitants. It lies on the main line of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway system, running east and west from Chicago to all California points and the Santa Fe Central Railway running from Santa Fe, N. M. to Torrance, N. M. in close connection with the Denver and Rio Grande and the great Rock Island System. The Santa Fe System have expended on its depot yards a million dollars, in freight and passenger depot, eating house, water system, round house and coal chutes.

Sixty houses have been erected. Several of the largest Mercantile houses in the territory are built and doing a big business. It has four large hotels, churches, schools. A live Board of Trade, energetic business men, two lumber yards, etc. The new city is in the center of the best agricultural and grazing section of New Mexico. The best shipping and distributing point for all merchandise, cattle sheep and wool. The large wholesale houses are in operation.

### The Willard Town and Improvement Company

Offers for sale upon reasonable terms fine business and residence lots on the townsite situate upon broad avenues and streets, 80 and 60 feet wide. Title perfect, warranty deed given. Terms of Sale: One half of purchase money cash, balance note secured by mortgage on lots sold with interest at 8 per cent per annum payable semi-annually.

The Willard Town and Improvement Co.

JOHN BECKER,  
Pres.

Wm. M. BERGER,  
Sec'y.

W. A. DUNLAVY, Vice-Pres.

For Further Information Apply to

E. P. DAVIES, Agent of Co.

WILLARD, NEW MEX.

#### COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

##### Mountain View.

The Literary Society will meet on next Saturday night, March 23. The question for debate is: "Resolved that a dog is more useful than a broom."

Charles A. Clarkson, died Sunday night of pneumonia. The remains were laid to rest in the Mountain View Cemetery Monday afternoon.

Rev. B. W. Means, will preach at the Mountain View schoolhouse next Saturday evening and Sunday.

The farmers of this neighborhood are beginning to sow oats. The busy farmers are planting garden.

Miss Doll Flat, had a birthday party on 15th of this month, in honor of her 15th birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe, expect to start to Oklahoma, Sunday for a visit of several weeks.

The farmers' Union met as usual last Saturday night.

We have had some warm weather this week.

Moerity, Mar. 14.—The little town of Moriarty is flourishing to day, owing to the sudden death of S. K. Rush. It is a great shock to the town. It doesn't seem possible that he had taken from the midst so suddenly. He was a kind and pleasant to all whom he met and was liked by all. We miss his pleasant words and smiling face. It is sad to hear that he is quietly sleeping in the cemetery in the baggage coach, bound for Kansas, where he will be laid to rest.

How our hearts ache for that brave little town who accompanied the remains. Only God and those who have suffered the same loss can realize the great grief she is having to bear. But God is merciful and will strengthen her to bear her great sorrow. What a blessing to know when it seems like our cup is full and that we can find no more that we have a Heavenly Father who will help us bear our burdens and give us strength to live through the struggle.

live through the struggle.

The bereaved family from the sympathy of the entire town of Moriarty, and the surrounding country.

Mrs. Della Palmer.

#### BY THE GENTLE CYNIC.

A chain of circumstances generally has a weak link.

A poor excuse is better than none, provided it works.

You can kill time, but it will come back and haunt you.

He who realizes his own weakness thereby adds to his strength.

He laughs best who realizes that the laugh is on some one else.

Many a man dies at expensive places merely to feed his vanity.

If the devil is the father of lies, he must have a mighty big family.

He who banks on luck should keep some other fellow to take his risks for him.

The Mongolians are not the only people who have a streak of yellow in them.

Lots of fellows feel that you are not treating them right if you take them to a soda fountain.

English Newspaper Magnate.  
Lord Northcliffe, formerly Sir Alfred Harmsworth of England, may be entitled the greatest newspaper magnate of the world. He owns and actively directs some 40 prosperous dailies and other periodicals. Lord Northcliffe has just secured for his publications the services of Pomeroy Burton, one of the finest young editors who have won a reputation in the United States. Mr. Burton is to receive in his new position the salary of \$20,000 a year.

#### REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

The person who thinks about a life is a fool. If a fellow will be fool enough to become it.

A widow is always willing to learn, especially if she has to forget what she already knows to do it.

A disagreeable thing about marrying a rich wife is the way she could look you over for staying out late nights.

When a man can't tell whether a woman's hat is a new-fangled baby carriage or a fancy lamp shade she knows it is a success.

The United States is the richest nation in the world.

The wealth of France is estimated at 42 thousand millions.

Most Dutch cities are several feet below the level of the sea.

The electric chair for executions is used only in the United States.

There are no prisons or jails in Iceland—the people are so honest.

The total consumption of coal in the world is 60 million tons an hour.

#### Song.

I know that life is sweet  
From morn till night  
With love's undying feet  
To lead me right.

I know that life is fair  
From dusk till dawn  
With love's protecting care  
To lead me on.

I know that life is dear  
To my heart's core  
With love to share the tear  
Of joy or grief.

Chorus: *Scattered in Metropolis Magazine.*  
With Mary,  
Don't know how it came about—  
Love is so contrary;  
Had a sweet girl in my heart,  
(Sweet to me with Mary)

Keep it even from the birds—  
Time passed long and dreary;  
Never thought I'd find the words,  
(Went to tell with Mary)

Tell that I loved her—plain!  
Smile like a fairy.  
Said, "I have you back again!"  
(Bliss the girl and Mary)  
—Atlanta Constitution.

#### Joy Too Brief.

The said was very much  
The said was much and blue,  
She had been a broken heart,  
And had been in her shoes.

And when the sunny wind,  
The life came back again,  
The heart was so much blue,  
The heart was so much blue.

"I hope you do not mind," she said,  
"I am not so fond of you,  
I am not so fond of you,  
I am not so fond of you."

If he is poor, he is a bad manager;  
If he is rich, he is a dishonest.

When he is rich the big girls kiss him,  
But when he is poor the little girls kiss him.

He comes into this world without his consent, and goes out against his will, and the trip between the two is exceedingly rocky. The rule of commerce is one of the important features of the trip.

If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is prosperous, everyone wants to do him a favor.—Chicago Trade Journal.

#### PROVERBS.

Impatience never gets preferment.

Parnassus has no gold mines in it.

One may say too much even upon the best subject.

Solitude dulls the thought; too much company dulls the wit.

Stretch your arm no farther than your elbow will reach.

Take a vine of a good soil and a length of a good mother.

He that would the daughter win must with the mother first begin.

A year of joy, another of comfort and all the rest of content—a man's life is a dream.

#### JUST THOUGHTS.

Whiten—with work—wins.

God made the horse; but man made the whip.

Meanness is character! Despise it if you will, but without it, you have not a shadow of life.

The ear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; the fear of man is the beginning of stupidity.

The most successful clerk is one who can persuade people to want what he wants them to want.

A great merchant may undersell you, but you are safe if he doesn't humiliate your courtesy to customers.

#### THOUGHTS FOR THE HOME.

Look to the bright side of all the shadows of the home and their experiences.

Put away the "blues" and bad temper, and all unkindness with firm resolutions.

Have no quarrels for the virtues and charms of mother and father, brother and sister.

Then the home, though it may be small, will be rich in happiness and love.—Chicago Trade Journal.

Why waste time trying to prove to women that you are a man with her? Why is her that she is in love with you, and her family will make her believe the other.

The European papers that comment on the increase of crime in various cities are silent concerning a proposed migration from Europe to these cities.—Uncle Remus Magazine.

### AN ADVENTURE WITH INDIANS

By H. T. C. PRESTON

While I was in the employ of the government shortly after the death of the gallant Custer, I ran down and captured an Indian quarter-breed who had stolen some things from Fort Larned. He was imprisoned for several weeks, and some of his friends declared that I should pay for the indignity with my life.

The three whom I had to fear were called Red Earth, Half Moon and Cloudy Day. They drew rations at the fort, and were supposed to live within the limits, but as a matter of fact, were prowling over the country most of the time, ripe for any mischief.

I was then riding between two posts about 50 miles apart, and the Indians knew full well where to find me at any time within the week, for, counting the halts at each end of the route, the round trip was made every seven days.

For 25 miles of the journey I had a single road and was sure of company. For 20 miles farther the country was fairly safe, because of the hunters, trappers and scouts about. The dangerous portion of the journey was confined to about 25 miles. I believed I knew where the Indians would attack me if they held to their threats. It was where the trail left the base of the mountain to take to the valley, where was a canyon making into the hill, and the trail ran within 30 feet of its mouth before turning to the left. If the weather was good I always passed this point in going west at about nine o'clock in the morning. In going the other way I arrived about sunset, and made my camp in the bushes growing around a spring.

I figured that the Indians would shoot me down as I rode up to the spring, or very soon after I had dismounted. It is the unwritten law of the frontier that when a man threatens your life, even if he is drunk at the time, you are expected to protect yourself by shooting him first. I had witnessed that these Indians had threatened to wipe me out, and I was expected to shoot any one of them on sight.

I knew they would not act upon their threat at once, as they would expect me to be on guard, and perhaps have an escort. Therefore, I waited until my second trip before carrying out my plans. The Indians would reach the canyon in the afternoon, and a lookout could see me five miles away. Half a mile from the spot, however, was a wooded ridge to hide my immediate approach, and this ridge ran around to the canyon.

Moderating the pace of the horse to suit my plans, I approached the valley half an hour ahead of my usual time.

When three miles away I dismounted, tied a string tightly around my horse's right knee and then advanced, leading him. The cord caused him to limp as if he had gone lame suddenly. I slouched along as careless as possible until I reached the ridge. Then I sent my horse forward alone, knowing he would halt at the spring and wait for me.

As soon as he was gone I struck into the timber and circled around to get as close to the mouth of the canyon as possible. The last 200 feet of the distance I crawled upon hands and knees.

My horse had stopped by the way to catch up a mouthful of grass here and there, and I got my first look into the mouth of the canyon just as he approached the spring. For a moment I was ready to acknowledge that I was beaten at my line of reasoning, as I could not see a redskin, but while the horse was drinking the would-be assassins came into view, each with his rifle for use.

They waited three or four minutes to see why I did not come up, and then were about to move forward when I opened fire. I dropped Half Moon in his tracks, tumbled Cloudy Day over as he sprang for shelter, and fired upon but missed Red Earth as he dodged behind a great boulder. Had he jumped backward into the canyon he would have had all the advantage, but in his sudden surprise he made three or four leaps and took shelter between me and the spring.

I should not have fired upon him had he run off, and if he had asked for a truce I would have come out had we been left undisturbed, but the horse presently came to my aid. The firing excited him, and he had been trained to look upon an Indian as an enemy. He saw the redskin behind a rock and charged him savagely. The fellow sprang up, thus exposing himself, and I was waiting for the opportunity.

The three Indians had come to the ambush on horseback. I took their rifles, ponies, and other truck to the post, and turned them over to the commandant. He sent word to the head men of the tribe at the agency of what had happened and three men came for the goods, but never one of them had any complaint to make, it being well understood that I simply defended myself.

#### A Hopeless Case.

"Think of your duty to the public," said the earnest man.  
"The public isn't doing anything for me," replied the man with the acidulous expression.  
"Then think of your duty to posterity."

"Posterity hasn't done anything for me, either. The only people who have done anything much for our present generation are our ancestors. And they didn't make a very good job of it!"—Washington Star.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Never fails. Buy it now. It cures who.